

THE APPEAL KEEPS IN FRONT
BECAUSE:
1-It aims to publish all the news possible.
2-It does so impartially, wasting no words.
3-Its correspondents are able and energetic.

THE APPEAL.

THE APPEAL STEADILY GAINS
BECAUSE:
4-It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans.
5-It is not controlled by any ring or clique.
6-It asks no support but the people's.

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PICTURESQUE COWBOY IS VANISHING FROM PLAINS

Dashing Swashbuckler a Victim of the Coming of More
Modern Ways of Doing Things.

Loved of all the nation as an institution, particularly American, and worshipped by the small boy, the day of the cowboy is passing.

The dashing swashbuckler, with his leggings, his swaggering sombrero, his belt, revolvers and lariat will soon be no more, he is vanishing from the plains, a victim of the coming of a more modern way of doing things.

The knell of the cowboy's passing existence is sounded in the decision to abandon the reunion of cow punchers, for many years an annual event in Texas.

This used to be held at Seymour, Tex. It was an event to which the whole southwest looked forward, and cowboys from half a dozen states made long trips in the saddle in order to be on hand for this reunion. It had been planned to hold it as usual this spring, but those who had it in charge found so little interest that they started an investigation to find out what had become of all the cowboys.

Their discoveries were depressing from the standpoint of the small boy, who in dime novel and pictures had worshipped the deeds of the sharp-shooting, broncho busting, fearless men of the plains.

His Occupation Gone.

So widely has the cowboy been scattered by changed conditions that like Otello, he could truthfully say that his occupation is gone. Not more than a few hundred cowboys could by any possibility have been brought to Seymour, and, as this would have been as far short of a true reunion as a swallow is from composing a summer, it was reluctantly decided to have no conclusive, and this means likely that the old picturesque institution has passed for all time.

Yet it has not been so long since that a reunion was held that was a remarkable success.

Seymour, now the center of cultivated and agricultural section was a dozen years ago given over to grazing. In 1897 it was the scene of the largest gathering of cowboys ever seen in this country.

The men from ranches in Texas, Indian Territory and Oklahoma rode to the gathering, and more than twenty thousand cowboys and five hundred Indians rallied to the camp and pitched their tents in Seymour.

The influx of the settlers to the Panhandle and the ranch territory of western Texas had at that time just begun, and the advance of the farmer, who was destined to take the soil from the cattle grazer was yet in the future.

One man bore the assignment of keeping this army of visitors in order. Capt. W. J. L. Sullivan recently elected doorkeeper of the Texas house of representatives. His proved courage and knowledge of the men of the

each man with his six-shooter out, and firing into the air.

The bombardment lasted for more than an hour, and the spitting of the flashes and the detonation of the shots made a most thrilling effect.

Prohibition was another visitor that had not yet made its way into the far West, and in order to take care of the thirst needs of the guests thirty temporary saloons were instituted. These were crowded night and day, and yet in spite of the amount of liquor consumed there was little disorder.

Put Up Furious Battle.

Occasionally there were fights. Two big cowboys battled furiously with their fists for an hour before one was forced to give up, but there was no shooting in the affray, for each man turned over his pistol to friends before the combat started.

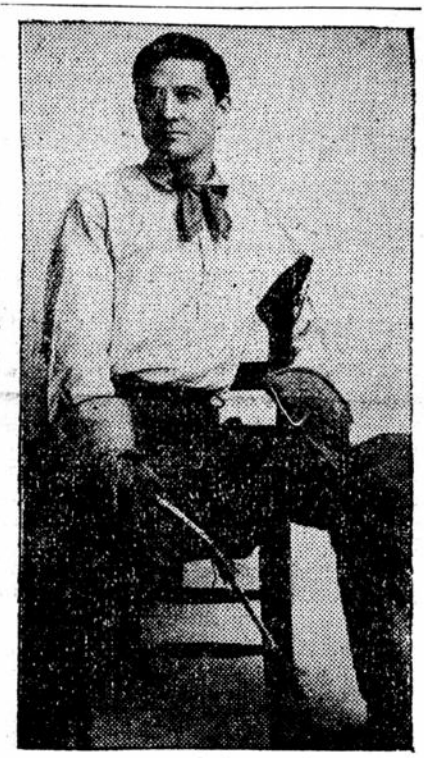
Some of the men who took part in the festivities had hundreds of miles to ride to get back to their ranches. In fact, there were some who came from as far as New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Montana.

So great a success was the whole affair that it was resolved to make it an annual event, and it looked as though the spirit of the Western life had been saved by getting the comrades together once more.

Then came the war with Spain. That helped the game of the cowboy, for Theodore Roosevelt, remembering

the most fertile farm land and yield a far greater profit.

The life of Texas underwent a change. The farmer began to take the place of the cattleman, and even where the latter managed to maintain his way he began to apply new methods to the care of his herds.

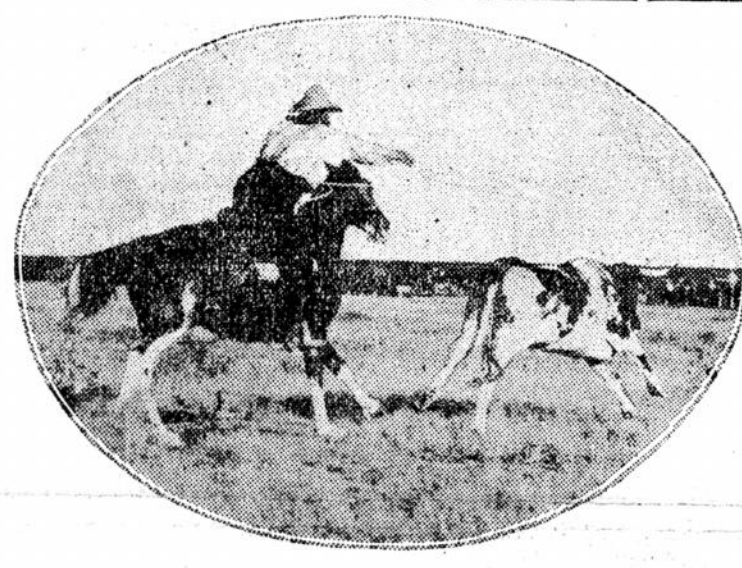


Typical Cowboy in All His Glad Rags.

The automobile began to be seen in the West. At first the cowboy laughed. What could the motor car do to push him out of his calling. It couldn't tame a broncho, it couldn't shoot, and certainly was unable to throw a lariat.

Auto Comes on Scene.

But the auto got over the road fast.



Cowboy Roping a Steer.

the valor of some of the men who had been his companions in the days when he was recruiting his present robust health by a life on the plains, formed a regiment of rough riders, a most striking company, and the plaudits of the whole nation went out to these men who went up San Juan Hill with the gallant colonel.



Cowboy Breaking a Bucking Bronco.

plains had led him to be picked as the man who could best be relied on to keep them in check and he did not shrink the responsibilities of being named as grand marshal.

Sullivan is Diplomat.

Sullivan was the only peace officer in Seymour, and everything was up to him. But so skillfully did he discharge his duties that during the four days that the conclave lasted he found it necessary to make only two arrests and these were for minor offenses, which shows that the cowboy was never as needlessly quick on the trigger as the eastern public had been led to believe.

But Mr. Sullivan was a diplomat. He wouldn't take any chances on a clash between the Indians and cowboys. He put the Comanches on one side of the town, while the cowboys had their camp in another direction.

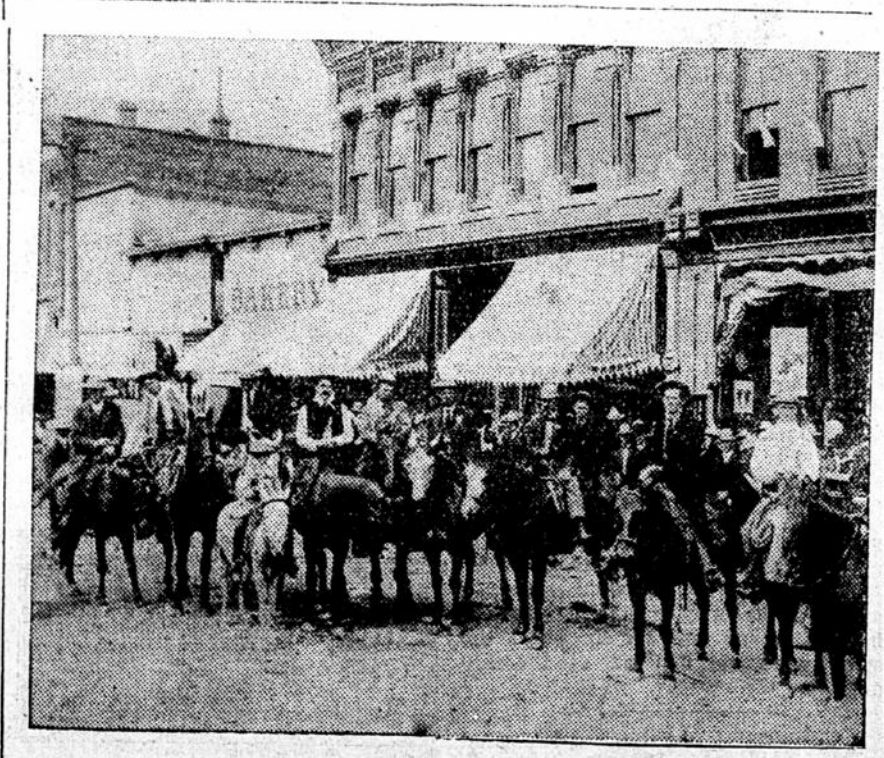
On the second day matters looked a little squally for the Indians, but Sullivan was on the job, and chased back the first party who suggested going over and paying a night visit to the redskins.

Seymour had admirable advantages for a gathering of this kind. The road to the town, which then had a population of 300, was wide and flat, and gave a fine course for the furious races between the cowboys on their swift ranch horses.

On the second night of the reunion Seymour saw the remarkable spectacle of twenty thousand cowboys riding back into town, at breakneck speed,

But the modern encroachments were not to be stayed. Civilization didn't feel just the same to the cowboy as the nation did.

Real estate operators found that a lot of the land used for grazing could under proper conditions be turned into



A Group of Cowboys.

AUDIENCE NEVER SEES HUMAN SIDE OF SINGERS

When the Curtain Falls Real Life of Kings and Queens of Opera Can Be Studied.

It is when the curtain falls that the real self of the king and queen of the operatic stage can be studied.

Then for a time the grand manner of the vocal monarch is laid aside, and the impersonator of the great role becomes for an instant just a plain human being, with all the virtues, faults and follies of the rest of us.

A well known stage manager who has for years been associated with important grand opera ventures, and who has seen all the great singers at close range, talks entertainingly of their ways.

It is all very different from what people think," he says. "For example, I have laughed while the great Italian tenor, Tamagno, now dead, was thrilling an audience with his wonderful performance of 'Otello.' As soon as the curtain fell and while the applause was yet thundering to bring him before the audience to bow his thanks Tamagno would streak to his dressing room to grab a bottle of beer, and take a long drink.

Miss Garden thought it imperative to preserve the illusion by doing the dance herself, therefore she studied for months, and actually became a dancer in order to do justice to this incident.

"Especially is she a wonder in the art of makeup, and so great is this skill that she does not simply retain the illusion in front of the footlights, but back of the stage, when you are right close to her, and can see the volume of paint that has gone to help the effect the illusion is not lost.

"During the performance she never loses the character. If she is a queen she retains her regal poise while waiting for cues. Never does she relax. If she is Jean the poor little mountebank in the 'Juggler of Notre Dame' she wanders aimlessly around the stage, throws herself down to rest on a pile of scenery, and never for an instant is anything but the ragamuffin youngster who becomes a saint through devotion to an ideal.

Tetrazzini Delightful.

"The personality of Madame Tetrazzini is a delight to all who have been privileged to get back of the scenes, and come into contact with her. She is the true Tuscan, sunny and emotional. She loves to sing, she has no vanity, and she is frank to say that she hasn't the least idea how she manages to do it all.

"More than once I have known astounded auditors to ask her: 'How do you manage to sing those extraordinary high notes?'

"The answer is always the same. She looks hopelessly baffled, and with a laugh says in broken English: 'I don't know.'

"Like most prima donnas, in fact more so than most of them Tetrazzini loves applause, and when she comes dashing off the stage after some particularly tumultuous outburst of admiration on the part of her audience she is just as likely as not to throw her arms around the neck of whoever happens to be in the path and administer a hearty kiss.

"Tetrazzini has a speaking voice as high in proportion as her singing voice, and once to hear it is to know her ever afterwards, for there is probably no other speaking voice like it.

"There is none of the grand manner about Tetrazzini. She loves to receive, and her dressing room door is ever open to those she likes.

"It was a frequent custom between the acts during the season in New



(Copyright by A. Dupont.)
Mary Garden.

"Erma Eames is the personification of grace behind the scenes, and everybody admires her very highly. She is fond of children, and when she sang in 'Otello' with Tamagno and Maurel she won everybody by the gracious way she played with the children who figure in the second act of the opera.

Caruso and Scotti Frolic.

Caruso, the leading tenor of the Metropolitan forces for many years in this country, and one of the greatest of favorites, is a very democratic sort of man, and I have seen him and Signor Scotti between the acts take each other by the shoulders and wait around the stage singing the popular number 'Yama.'

"Mary Garden is a woman of most wonderful personality, and back of the scenes it was a never ending source of interest to me to watch her. She is gifted with most commanding intellect, and her strong, nervous habits of thought show all the time.

"No matter how great the amount of industry involved in perfecting some detail that will add to the realism of her performance, the ceaseless industry of the woman will carry her through. Some singers would have been content to let a substituted dancer go through the gyrations that delight Herod, but as a true artist



M. Dalmores.

About Housecleaning.

High finance is making two shares of stock grow where but one grew before, but woman's crowning achievement while cleaning house is to leave two rocking chairs in the dark spot where one was never known before.

Escaping by a Technicality.

Teacher—Tommy, what is an improper fraction?

Tommy—You don't expect me to mention it fore all these people, do you?

"She paused an instant to say: 'Is it not always magnificent when Melba sings?'

"Constantino and Dalmores, tenors, are both men who like and are liked by society.

"Both are men of good birth, splendid education and accomplishments, and have the saving grace of a modesty that is a never ceasing charm when exhibited by one of the most lionized classes of artists.

"Both also have the skill of athletes. Dalmores is a boxer. Constantino is a wonderful fencer, and I have seen him when he was doing the opera of 'Faust' while waiting for his call, walk around the stage, and challenge anybody who carried a blade to a little test of skill. At such times he would risk his prowess against anybody from great baritone to supernumerary, and it was rarely that anybody managed to make a point against him.

Has Wonderful Wardrobe.

"Constantino has a wonderful wardrobe for the forty parts he has in his repertoire, and for roles which demand a sumptuous showing he has hats and belts studded with diamonds and pearls, and these he will show to friends with as much pride as a woman displaying her new spring gown.

"Zenatello, the young dramatic tenor, is a marked contrast to these two older artists. He is modest and retiring and dodges any social adulation. He knows little English, but has a funny fad for mastering the words of slangy English songs of the kind



Madame Tetrazzini.

George Cohan writes, and it is funny to hear him while standing in the wings waiting for the cue that will take him into some tragic situation, humming over to himself the foolish words of some idiotic song.

"Renard is a great student, and is profoundly silent back of the stage, giving his whole mind to his work, and talking little. Sammarco is somewhat similar, though a little more sociable than the French baritone.

"Labia, though a countess by birth, is jolly and unaffected.

"Plancon has the habit of most basses of going about the scenes trying his voice in sonorous notes.

"The real singer you never can know unless you get back of the scenes."

Apathy the Only Flaw.

The English woman's intelligence, when it is developed, is of a high order, and her taste may be cultivated to a high degree. It is from sheer apathy that she is not, as a rule, one of the most fascinating of women.



Madam Homer at Home.

Unsympathetic.

Mrs. Malaprop—Young Sharp will have to apologize before I'll speak to him again.

Miss Interest—Did he insult you?

Mrs. Malaprop—Did he? The last time I met him I told him that my uncle, Lord de Style, had locomotive attacks, and he had the impudence to ask if he "whistled at crossings." He's an unsympathetic brute.

The druggery we call a drag may be the counterpoise that helps us rise.

PROGRESS IS RAPID

GOOD WORK BEING DONE IN
BEAUTIFYING CAPITAL.

Carefully Arranged Plans, Placed in
Capable Hands, Thoughtfully Carried Out—Magnificent Building Nearing Completion.

Development according to plan is the order of progress in the national capital. The work of improving the beautiful city on the banks of the Potomac is not going forward in a haphazard, hit-or-miss fashion, but is proceeding along lines carefully thought out by a commission assigned to the duty by authority of congress.

This commission had as its chairman Daniel H. Burnham of Chicago, the other members having been Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles McKim and Frederick Law Olmstead. First preparing a sculptured model of the city as it existed in 1902, they then caused to be made a model showing the city as it should be built, according to an ideal plan. The senate committee on the District of Columbia was headed by the late Senator McMillan of Michigan at that time, and had as its secretary Charles H. Moore of Detroit.

In one of the rooms of the magnificent library of congress may be seen the plans of Washington as the commission found it in 1902, and as they hope to have it appear to the generations of the future. And the plan of the city to come is not merely a dream. Already the work is in hand. New boulevards have been laid out, the office buildings for the senators and representatives in congress have been erected, the executive offices of the White House have been completed, the site for the home of the department of commerce and labor has been selected, the national museum is nearing completion, the marble home of the bureau of American republics—the gift of Andrew Carnegie—is building rapidly, the great Union station, the most magnificent as well as the most perfectly appointed railway depot in the world—it cost \$25,000,000—is already a tangible entity, while the preliminary plans for many groups of new public buildings, notably that of the bureau of engraving and printing, on which is to be expended \$2,000,000, have been approved. Avenues more magnificent than those of which Maj. l'Enfant even dreamed are already in their formative state and it will not be many years before the inaugural parades will forsake the great thoroughfares of Pennsylvania avenue and pass from the capitol directly went to the great monument along a boulevard, the like of which has not yet been seen.

The entrance hall to the library of congress, reputed to be the finest marble interior in the world, awes even the hypercritical and weariest sightseer into praise. Despite the admonishment of silence, impressed upon all who visit the building, various expressions of admiration escape. Even when not couched in felicitous phrase, they embody genuine appreciation. One woman stood still a long time, noted the magnificent columns, the sculptured capitals, the glow of color in the ceiling decorations, the play of light on polished marble surface—sighed deeply and said solemnly: "Now, this is what I call sculptures."

Mrs. Taft Goes About Alone.

Mrs. Taft differs from Mrs. Roosevelt in taking her walks abroad unaccompanied by her lady-in-waiting. The ex-Miss Hagner, now settled down provisionally to a desk in the war department—she says she enjoys her new job—attended every footstep of her presidential patroness. Mrs. Roosevelt never budged un-Hagnered. The royal social secretary was ever the most conspicuous figure on the official landscape at the White House. She ran the show. Now Mrs. Taft brooks no dictatorship. If she has a social secretary she doesn't complain of her. In public Mrs. Taft is self-reliant. She does her own thinking and her own walking. One meets the president's wife any morning trudging briskly down F street in a plain little gray tailor suit and black toque and common-sense heels, unshadowed and unchaperoned, darting in and out of shops, democratically, usually unrecognized. She is becoming proficient in driving her own electric runabout, which is one of a trinity of new machines in the White House stables nowadays.

The Cherub and the Bank.

Yesterday afternoon a tiny boy sat on a terrace step. Around him were four other tiny boys, all of them excitedly interested in a metal bank which the boy on the terrace seemed to have opened with a brick. It looked very like a ho-ho-up, but when a passing woman asked for details a cherub, whose lawful abiding place seemed to be on a valentine card, explained that the bank belonged to his aunt, who had "divred" it to him.

So, of course, it was all right. Only if anybody's aunt has missed a bank the size of a cigar box with contents therein, why—er—don't blame the maid.—Washington Star.

Worn Out by Society's Demands.

In 15 months Alice Roosevelt attended 408 dinners, 271 receptions, 171 balls, 680 teas and shook hands with 32,000 people. After this strenuous season she was compelled to go to bed.